

# SOME HIDDEN SOURCES OF FICTION

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BENJAMIN MATTHIAS NEAD

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*Stobo*

**STOBO, Robert**, soldier, b. in Glasgow, Scotland, in 1727; d. after 1770. His father, William, was a wealthy merchant. The son was very delicate in his youth, but early gave evidence of taste for arms, spending his play-hours in drilling his companions. Both his parents had died before 1742 and, after studying for some time in the university of his native place, he went to Virginia about that year and became a merchant. Here he kept open house and was a great social favorite, but met with little success in business, and in 1754 was appointed senior captain in a regiment that was raised by the province to oppose the French. Under his direction the intrenchments called Fort Necessity were thrown up, and when finally Maj. George Washington was obliged to surrender the work, Stobo was one of two hostages that were given to the French to secure proper performance of the articles of capitulation. He was sent to Fort Du Quesne, and occupied himself with drawing a plan of that stronghold, which, with a written scheme for its reduction, he sent to the commanding officer at Wills Creek. He was greatly

aided in obtaining his information by the ladies in the fort, whose good graces he soon succeeded in gaining. He considered that the want of good faith that the French had shown in various matters absolved him "from all obligations of honor on this point." His letters fell into the hands of the French at Braddock's defeat, whereupon Stobo was closely imprisoned at Quebec. He escaped in 1756, but was captured, confined in a dungeon, and on 28 Nov. was condemned to death as a spy, but the king failed to approve the sentence. On 30 April, 1757, he escaped again, but he was recaptured three days later. On 30 April, 1758, he made another attempt, and succeeded in effecting his escape with several companions in a birch-bark canoe. After meeting with many adventures and travelling thirty-eight days they reached the British army before Louisburg, where Stobo was of much service by his knowledge of localities. He had been promoted major during his captivity, and after returning to Virginia sailed in 1760 for England, where, on 5 June, 1761, he was commissioned captain in the 15th foot. He served in the West Indies in 1762, but returned to England in 1767, and resigned in 1770. On his visit to Virginia after his captivity the legislature thanked him by name for his services, and voted him the sum of £1,300. Stobo was a friend of Tobias Smollett, the novelist, who, it has been suggested, describes him as Captain Lismahago in "Humphrey Clinker." The original edition of Stobo's "Memoirs" (London, 1800) is now rare. A manuscript copy was obtained by James McHenry from the British museum, and published, with notes, addenda, and a fac-simile of Stobo's plan of Fort Du Quesne, by "N. B. C." as "Memoirs of Major Robert Stobo of the Virginia Regiment" (Pittsburg, 1854). This unique work is largely written in an imitation of the classical epic style.





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# Some Hidden Sources of Fiction

A PAPER READ BEFORE THE HISTORICAL SOCIETY  
OF DAUPHIN COUNTY, PENNSYLVANIA

BY

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PRINTED FOR PRIVATE CIRCULATION

BY

GEORGE W. JACOBS & COMPANY

PHILADELPHIA

1909





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P22N2

## SOME HIDDEN SOURCES OF FICTION

Mere tombstone information is neither a valuable nor a desirable acquisition. Familiarity with history benefits us only by increasing our knowledge of human nature, furnishing us with examples of character to be emulated or avoided and enabling us, from experience of the past, to predict the probable consequences of present conduct.

The well-written historical novel has attained deserved popularity because, while faithful in the portrayal of important historical characters and in the description of well-known historical events, the author changes what to many is a repulsive skeleton into a thing of life and blood, by introducing minor personages and events, partly or wholly fictitious, in order to show the customs, habits, costumes, dialect and spirit of times with which the average reader cannot be familiar. Thus it happens that all the valuable lessons of history are sometimes conveyed to our minds by works which are largely fiction.

In order to acquire correct surroundings, atmosphere and colloquial expressions for his fictitious characters, the author of a historical novel must have in mind real persons, who involuntarily serve as models for the creatures of his imagination. Sometimes the fictitious representations are of such a composite nature that it is impossible to detect the originals from which they were derived; but occasionally we find familiar personages masquerading in such works under strange names

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and fictitious characters credited with deeds actually performed in a locality and time quite remote from that described. The usual practice among writers of historical fiction is, however, to utilize the established facts of history and to fill in the minor details with fiction, and it is rather unusual to find, as we shall later, that an author has presented historical facts, not accessible to the general reader, in such a way as to leave the impression that most of the persons he describes and the incidents he narrates originated in his own imagination.

Long familiar with traditions, legends and stories which cast a side light of romance upon the history of his country and his native State, the writer has not failed to note that masters of fiction have neglected a most fruitful field of labor, and have failed to reap an abundant harvest by not seeking more frequently inspiration and food for fancy in the tales still current regarding early American pioneers, particularly among the mountains and in the river valleys of the old province and commonwealth of Pennsylvania.

Nevertheless, romantic incidents of American origin occur more frequently in literature than most persons suppose, and the persistent investigator into the sources of fiction is sometimes rewarded with surprising results.

Many years ago a small group of the younger students of Yale stood near a hallowed spot, just back of the old Centre Church on New Haven Green, and for the first time heard from lips then eloquent, but now long silent, the story of the English regicides whose remains are supposed to rest there. A thrilling traditional detail of that story, breathing the very spirit of romance,

referred to the Indian attack, in the long ago, upon the New England village of Hadley and the mysterious appearance and timely assistance supposed to have been rendered by one of that company of exiles.

One, at least, of that group of students has never forgotten the tradition, and when, some years later, he read Sir Walter Scott's *Peveril of the Peak*, he recognized it at once, and became convinced that an incident, bearing within it the germ of true romance, no matter what its *localité*, is sure to be seized and turned to the uses of the discriminating and masterful writer.

Major Bridgenorth, the friend of Sir Geoffry and Julian Peveril, engages Julian in conversation, and the latter, replying to one of the major's periods, says: "It must be a noble sight to behold the slumbering energies of a great mind awakened into energy and to see it assume the authority which is its due over spirits more meanly endowed." To this Bridgenorth replies: "I once witnessed something to the same effect, and, as the tale is brief, I will tell it you, if you will." His auditor assenting, he proceeds. "Amongst my wanderings the transatlantic settlements have not escaped me; more especially the country of New England. . . . I was by chance in a small village in the woods, more than thirty miles from Boston. . . . It was on a Sabbath morning, when we had assembled to take sweet counsel together in the Lord's house. . . . An excellent worthy, who now sleeps in the Lord, Nehemiah Solsgrace, long the companion of my pilgrimage, had just begun to wrestle in prayer, when a woman, with disordered looks and dishevelled hair, entered our chapel, in a distracted manner, screaming incessantly 'The Indians! The Indians!' "

After a most vivid description of the attack on the village, the narrator tells of the appearance of the mysterious leader.

“A tall man of a reverend appearance, whom no one of us had ever seen before, suddenly was in the midst of us, as we hastily agitated the resolution of retreating. His garments were of the skin of the elk and he wore sword and carried gun. I never saw anything more august than his features, overshadowed by locks of grey hair; which mingled with a long beard of the same colour. ‘Men and brethren,’ he said, in a voice like that which turns back the flight, ‘why sink your hearts and why are you thus disquieted? Fear ye that the God we serve will give you up to yonder heathen dogs? Follow me and you shall see, this day, that there is a captain in Israel!’ ”

Then follows the story of the deliverance, told by Bridgenorth “with an eloquence and vivacity of detail, very contrary to the usual dryness of his conversation,” concluding the whole with this explanation to Julian, who had been a most eager inquirer and listener: “I only tell you what you desired to know that Richard Whalley, one of the late King’s judges, was he of whom I have just been speaking.”

This New England tradition J. Fenimore Cooper also found of use, and his good taste in using it has been frequently recognized and commented upon. One of the formal explanatory notes to *Peveril of the Peak* reads thus: “This singular story (referring to the Whalley tradition) has lately afforded the justly celebrated American novelist, Mr. Cooper, the materials from which he has compiled one of those impressive narratives of the aboriginal inhabitants of the transatlantic

woods and the hardy Europeans by whom they were invaded and dispossessed.”

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The development of a literary spirit among the Pennsylvania pioneers was slow. They understood better how to handle the rifle than to use the pen, were too busy making history to record it, and the every day events in their lives furnished them with subjects for thought sufficiently exciting without entering the domain of fiction and fancy. Philadelphia and its historic neighborhood, the valley of Wyoming, the headwaters of the Delaware, “the country west of Susquehanna, toward the setting sun,” the military posts, from Lowther at Carlisle to Du Quesne at the forks of the western rivers, were localities prolific in deeds of daring and self-sacrifice, such as would satisfy the demands of the most exacting novelist. But the romantic incidents, the heroic deeds, the actual occurrences in the lives of individuals, except in the case of the more conspicuous actors, have been left unrecorded, perhaps because they lacked sufficient dignity to warrant mention in history; but they are, nevertheless, pregnant with great possibilities in the hands of a modern master of fiction.

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When Dr. Robert Montgomery Bird, the rugged, old-time novelist of Philadelphia, and Bayard Taylor, with more even culture, must find outlaw characters to spice their tales, they sought for prototypes in natural surroundings, the hidden coves of the Welsh Hills and the lower South Mountain, the fastnesses and remote places along the Delaware and across the Susquehanna, in the mystery-breeding Kittochtinny and through the fertile Cumberland Valley, where high mountain ranges on

both sides, in a great measure isolating the early inhabitants from friends east and west, are responsible for developing a force of character that has been felt in the history of the State ever since.

No one familiar with the stories told of the Doanes and the Nugents—"no shabby villains," one complacent chronicler assures us—who in early days "operated," to the dismay and terror of the people, from the Delaware Water Gap, through the Cumberland Valley and down into Virginia; no one who has read the thrilling confession of David Lewis, the robber, a name well-known, some eighty years ago, to every man, woman and child along the southern border of Pennsylvania; no one acquainted with the traditions relating to these worthies can fail to suspect kinship with Aaron Doane and David Lewis in the Sandy Flash of Bayard Taylor's *Story of Kennett*, or to see in the daring acts of Oran Gilbert, as related in Dr. Bird's *Hawks of Hawk Hollow*, the once notorious deeds of Benjamin and James Nugent.

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All who have read that inimitable masterpiece and burlesque chronicle of Washington Irving, entitled *A History of New York, from the Beginning of the World to the End of the Dutch Dynasty*, by *Didrich Knickerbocker*, will surely remember the serious issue which arose between General Van Poffenburgh, as a strict disciplinarian, and Keldermeester, over an order which compelled both officers and privates to appear for duty with closely cropped hair.

"Now it came to pass that among his officers was one, Keldermeester, a sturdy veteran," says the veracious historian, "who had cherished, through the

course of a long life, a rugged mop of hair, not a little resembling the shag of a Newfoundland dog, terminating with an immoderate queue, like the handle of a frying pan, . . . . It may, naturally, be supposed that the possessor of so goodly an appendage would resist, with abhorrence, an order condemning it to the shears. On hearing the general orders, he discharged a tempest of veteran, soldier-like oaths and dunder and blixums,—swore he would break any man's head who attempted to meddle with his tail,—quened it stiffer than ever and whisked it about the garrison as fiercely as the tail of a crocodile.

“The eel-skin queue of old Keldermeester became instantly an affair of the utmost importance. The Commander-in-Chief was too enlightened an officer not to perceive that the discipline of the garrison, the subordination and good order of the armies of the Nieuw Nederlandts, the consequent safety of the whole province and ultimately the dignity and prosperity of their High Mightinesses, the Lords States General, but above all the dignity of the great General Van Poffenburgh, all imperiously demanded the docking of that stubborn queue. He therefore determined that old Keldermeester should be publicly shorn of his glories, in the presence of the whole garrison,—the old man as resolutely stood on the defensive,—whereupon the General, as became a great man, was highly exasperated and the offender was arrested and tried by a court martial for mutiny, desertion and all the other list of offenses, noticed in the Articles of War, ending with a ‘videlicet, in wearing an eel-skin queue, three feet long, contrary to orders.’ Then came on arraignments, and trials, and pleadings; and the whole country was in a ferment

about this unfortunate queue. As it is well known that the commander of a distant frontier post has the power of acting pretty much after his own will, there is little doubt that the veteran would have been hanged, or shot at least, had he not luckily fallen ill of a fever, through mere chagrin and mortification, and most flagitiously deserted from all earthly command, with his beloved locks unviolated. His obstinancy remained unshaken to the very last moment, when he directed that he should be carried to his grave with his eel-skin queue sticking out of a hole in his coffin."

Where did Washington Irving find the prototype for Van Poffenburgh and Keldermeester? In little, old Dutch New York? No! We are told that the originals of these characters were not even cotemporaneous with the Knickerbocker personages, but, on the contrary, lived more than one hundred years later.

Among the most prominent people living near Carlisle, in the Cumberland Valley, Pennsylvania, during the Revolutionary period, was the family of James Butler; whose five sons, known as "The Five Fighting Butlers," attained remarkable fame in the military history of the country during the Revolution and the following decade. James Wilson, one of the signers of the Declaration of Independence and, subsequently, the great advocate of the adoption of the first Federal Constitution, was practicing law in the town of Carlisle, when the Revolution began. In his office was a young student-at-law, only twenty-eight years of age, Thomas Butler by name. This young man, on January 5, 1776, accepted a commission as first lieutenant in Colonel Arthur St. Clair's Second Pennsylvania Battalion, and left the peaceful pursuit of the law to enter upon a



military career, afterwards characterized by the bravest and most intrepid conduct and crowned with marked success. Thomas was perhaps the best known of "The Five Fighting Butlers," and was publicly thanked for bravery on the field of battle by Washington at Brandywine and by Wayne at Monmouth.

As late as 1801, Colonel Thomas Butler was still connected with the army. Brigadier General James Wilkinson, whose characteristics, particularly the exaggerated importance he attached to strict discipline, are well remembered, was then Commander-in-Chief. Between him and Colonel Thomas Butler arose the famous dispute which Washington Irving made the *casus belli* between Van Poffenburgh (Wilkinson) and Keldermeester (Cellar-master or Butler).

This agreement between fiction and fact was first pointed out by the writer's old friend, coworker and trusted authority, the Rev. J. M. Murray, D. D., of Carlisle, now passed away, in his exhaustive biographical sketch of the Butlers of the Cumberland Valley, prepared more than a quarter of a century ago.

It is said that Wilkinson was jealous of Butler and that his disciplinary order, issued to the army, that "the hair is to be cropped without exception," was particularly directed against Colonel Butler, who wore a long and well-powdered queue.

"What must we do?" queried the subordinate officers and men of Butler's command, when the order reached them. Butler's reply was: "What is the duty of a soldier; to obey orders is it not? What do I design doing? Ah, that is another matter. The Almighty gave me my hair and no earthly power shall deprive me of it."

This was rank insubordination. General Wilkinson at first granted indulgence to Butler on account of his ill-health, but this was later withdrawn, and a court martial ordered to try the recalcitrant colonel for "willful, obstinate and continued disobedience of orders and for mutinous conduct." This court sentenced Colonel Butler to suspension, but, pending execution of the sentence, the old soldier died, still wearing his hair.

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When the writer read, for the first time, Sir Gilbert Parker's exquisite novel, *The Scats of the Mighty*, there seemed to be something strangely familiar about the story. This feeling came over him more than once, but was finally dismissed as one of those peculiar tricks of mind which all have experienced. Not very long ago, having occasion to overhaul the shelves of his library, he ran across a little volume of less than one hundred pages, which he had not looked into for, possibly, thirty years. He had glanced over but a few of its pages to refresh his recollection of the contents, when his mind was illumined in the most unexpected and extraordinary manner.

The title of this little book is *Memoirs of Major Robert Stobo; of the Virginia Regiment*. It was compiled and published at Pittsburgh, Pennsylvania, in the year 1854, by Neville B. Craig, the elder; a gentleman of wide literary culture and, in his day, a high authority on American history, biography and genealogy, particularly as related to Western Pennsylvania prior to the War of 1812.\*

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\*Neville B. Craig was the son of Major Isaac Craig, an officer of Proctor's Artillery during the Revolution, and the grandson of General John Neville, who served on Braddock's expedition against Fort Du-

Mr. Craig's interest in Major Stobo was first awakened by the perusal of certain letters, written by that remarkable man in the year 1754, and he became "seized with an anxious, longing desire to know more of the high-spirited, self-sacrificing patriot and soldier who wrote them." He had seen a letter from David Hume, the English historian, to Tobias Smollet, the novelist, to the effect that Major Stobo had met with some "remarkable adventures." He also learned that a manuscript copy of the *Memoirs of Major Robert Stobo* was preserved in the British Museum. By rare good fortune, through the kind offices of a friend in England, he later obtained a copy of this interesting paper, which he published in the volume referred to,

Quesne, was colonel of the Fourth Virginia Regiment throughout the Revolution, and filled many other positions, both civil and military, in the service of his country.

One of Mr. Craig's brothers, Colonel Henry Knox Craig, served with distinction in the Mexican War and afterwards became head of the Ordnance Department at Washington. Another brother, Dr. Presley Hamilton Craig, was chief surgeon of General Taylor's army in Mexico. Neville B. Craig was born in the old redoubt of Fort Pitt, March 29th, 1787, was educated in the private schools of Pittsburg, and at Princeton College, studied law under Judge Alexander Addison, was admitted to the Bar in 1810, married Jane Ann Fulton in 1811, was appointed Deputy Attorney General for Allegheny county in 1821, was editor and proprietor of the *Pittsburg Gazette* from 1829 till 1841, was elected to the Pennsylvania Legislature in 1842, and defeated, as the Union candidate for Congress, in 1843. His published works include the *Olden Time* (1846-7), *History of Pittsburg* (1851), *Memoirs of Major Robert Stobo* (1854), *Sketch of the Life and Services of Major Isaac Craig* (1854), a criticism of H. M. Breckenridge's *History of the Western Insurrection* (1859), and, in the same year, *Registres des Baptismes et Sepultures qui se sont fait au Fort Du Quesne*. He was Vice President of the Historical Society of Pennsylvania, was bitterly opposed to the extension of slavery in this country, and died at Bellefield, Pittsburg, March 3, 1863.

with an introduction and explanatory notes written by himself; thus preserving, in print, one of the most thrilling and romantic of the many tales which centre in old Fort Du Quesne.

It requires no slight skill to train the tender vines of love and romance over some long deserted structure of the past, in such a way as to conceal its imperfections, hide the breaches in its walls, cover the dilapidated interior and thus assist the imagination of each beholder to form an individual conception of what must have been its condition and surroundings in days of old. But the architect, who by diligent research recovers, piece by piece, the original plans, reconstructs the whole and re-establishes the former environment, has talents of the first order. It is this last which Sir Gilbert Parker has done for us in *The Seats of the Mighty*. He has reconstructed and rehabilitated Old Quebec, resurrected the ancient inhabitants, restored former conditions and has done it all with such fidelity to fact that his work can hardly be classed as fiction.

What may savor of criticism, in the comparison which follows, is born of no censorious or ill-natured desire to injure, wound or be hypercritical, but rather of that spirit of fairplay which would give credit where credit is due. "Shakespeare may often be tracked in the snows of Terence," but it is not derogatory to Shakespeare to point out those tracks. Leigh Hunt says: "Milton borrowed other poets' thoughts, but he did not borrow as gypsies borrow children, spoiling their features that they may not be recognized. No. He returned them improved. Had he borrowed your coat, he would have returned it with a new nap upon it."

The gifted author of *The Scats of the Mighty* has not spoiled the story of Major Robert Stobo. He has borrowed the real hero's coat for his fictitious character, Captain Robert Moray, to masquerade in, and has at the same time put "a new nap upon it." But how graceful and fair it would have been, if the author of this admirable story, in his "Prefatory Note," along with the kind acknowledgments made to his Canadian friends, had mentioned Mr. Craig's little book and the British Museum Manuscript.

Attention is now directed to certain passages where there is a striking agreement between Sir Gilbert Parker's *Scats of the Mighty*, (D. Appleton & Co., New York, 1905), and Mr. Neville B. Craig's *Memoirs of Major Robert Stobo*, (John S. Davison, Pittsburg, 1854).

It will not be surprising, if an examination of these extracts brings to mind the language of Antonio to Sebastian in Shakespeare's *Twelfth Night*, and the reader is tempted to exclaim,

"An apple, cleft in twain, is not more twin,  
Than these two creatures."



SOME OF THE MORE IMPORTANT

Points of Agreement

BETWEEN

“The Memoirs of Major Robert Stobo”

AND

“The Seats of The Mighty”

**THE MEMOIRS OF STOBO****The Parentage of Stobo.**

(Page 13.)

“The little hero of the following memoirs, whose dauntless courage, constant zeal, and still greater sufferings, well deserve the attention of every lover of his country, was born at Glasgow Anno, 1727. His father, William Stobo, was a merchant and citizen of that place, . . . his mother was the daughter of James Mitchell, of Balmore, near Glasgow, . . . commonly distinguished by the appellation of the gentleman of Balmore, which courtesy he probably enjoyed as being nearly related, by his mother, to the noble and ancient family of Montrose.

“Robert Stobo was the only son of his father that lived past infancy, and consequently the great darling of his parents, and withal, so prodigiously delicate in his constitution, that when a boy, he was nursed two spring seasons on breast milk.”

**Stobo's Early Education.**

(Page 14.)

“Being at length able to go to school, his infant education was attended to with great care, and he was early in the Latin School of that place; here, as he had gathered a little strength to his natural activity of body and mind, he soon betrayed a turn for arms, and constantly employed his play hours in drum-beating, mustering, and exercising his comrades with great



**THE SEATS OF THE MIGHTY****The Parentage of Moray.**

(Pages 59-65.)

“I would have you know of what I am and whence I came. . . . These words came crooning over the grass of that little garden at Balmore which was my mother’s home. There I was born one day in June, though I was reared in the busy streets of Glasgow, where my father was a prosperous merchant and famous for his parts and honesty.

“I see myself, a little child of no great strength, for I was, indeed, the only one of my family who lived past infancy, and my mother feared she could never bring me up. She, too, is in that picture, tall, delicate, kind yet firm of face, but with a strong brow, under which shone grave gray eyes, and a manner so distinguished that none might dispute her kinship to the renowned Montrose. . . . There was one other in that picture, . . . my grandfather, John Mitchell, the Gentleman of Balmore, as he was called, out of regard for his ancestry and rare merits.”

**Moray’s Early Education.**

(Page 65.)

“One day they came to the school in High Street, where I learned Latin and other accomplishments, together with fencing from an excellent master, Sergeant Dowie of the One Hundredth Foot. They found me with my regiment at drill; for I had got full thirty of my school-fellows under arms, and spent all leisure hours in mustering, marching, and drum-beating, and

**THE MEMOIRS OF STOBO**

alertness, and would often discipline them, severely, too, though much his superiors in strength of body, for he was still very delicate.”

**Stobo Left an Orphan.**

(Page 14.)

“In the year 1740, his father died, and leaving him under the guardianship of his nearest friends, he spent a season or two in the University there, when his mother dying likewise, his friends determined, with his own consent, to send him to Virginia, to serve in a store of some merchants of Glasgow, where he performed his engagements with approbation; and having begun business for himself, he returned to Glasgow, Anno 1747; in order to commence merchant with better hopes of success, he converted some houses he had into money, and laid out all his small fortune in merchandize, and went over with a resolution to settle at least some years in Virginia.”

**Stobo a Hostage to the French.**

(Pages 15-18.)

“ . . . in that year the French began to make very bare-faced encroachments on the frontiers of Virginia, in so much that the Governor, Mr. Dinwiddie, found himself obliged to oppose them, . . . the occasion was very opportune, and too well suited to Mr. Stobo’s disposition to let it pass; he offered his ser-

**THE SEATS OF THE MIGHTY**

practicing all manner of discipline and evolution which I had been taught by my grandfather and Sergeant Dowie."

**Moray Left an Orphan.**

(Pages 66-69.)

"About this time my father died—that is when I was fourteen years old. Sir John became one of the executors with my mother, and at my wish, a year afterwards, I was sent to the University, . . . . We threshed matters back and forth, and presently it was thought I should sail to Virginia to take over my estate . . . . and go I did, with a commission from some merchants of Glasgow, to give my visit to the colony more weight. . . . I got back to Glasgow only in time—but how glad I was of that!—to hear her last words. When my mother was gone I turned towards Virginia with longing, . . . . So there was a winding up of the estate, . . . . and I set forth to Virginia with a goodly sum of money and a shipload of merchandise, . . . ."

**Moray a Hostage to the French.**

(Pages 69-70.)

"Those were hearty days, wherein I made little money, but had much pleasure . . . . with my young friend, Mr. Washington, laying the foundation for a Virginian army, by drill and yearly duty in camp, with occasional excursions against the Indians. I saw very well what the end of our troubles with the French

**THE MEMOIRS OF STOBO**

vice to the province in this dangerous emergency.  
. . . . he was appointed the oldest captain of this  
regiment: . . . . A part of the regiment, in June,  
had advanced to the Great Meadows, not far from the  
Appalachian Mountains, with Major Washington at  
their head; and on the 3rd of July, in the morning,  
were advised of a large body of French Canadians and  
barbarians being close upon them; . . . . Captain  
Stobo was pitched upon for engineer, . . . . he  
planned and executed such entrenchments, which, by  
the by, were so bravely defended, that the French could  
not force them that night, . . . . Next day Mon-  
sieur, considering it might cost them dear to force such  
brave fellows, offered them terms of capitulation,  
. . . . on the part of Britain, Captain Robert Stobo  
and Van Braam were delivered up as hostages,  
. . . .”

**Stobo at Fort Du Quesne.**

(Pages 19-21.)

“In the meantime he was sent to Fort du Quesne,  
where he was treated as became his station, with all  
the complaisant double entendre so familiar to the  
French. . . . At first he was at a great loss from  
his not knowing the French tongue, to acquire which  
was his first study, in which pursuit he was greatly as-  
sisted by the ladies.”

**THE SEATS OF THE MIGHTY**

would be, and I waited for the time when I should put to keen use the sword Sir John Godric had given me, . . . . Trouble came between Canada and Virginia. Major Washington, one Captain Mackaye, and myself marched out to the Great Meadows, where at Fort Necessity we surrendered, after hard fighting, to a force three times our number. I, with one Captain Van Braam, became a hostage.”

**Moray at Fort Du Quesne.**

(Page 70.)

“And so, sorrowfully bidding my friends good-by, away we went upon the sorry trail of captivity, arriving in due time at Fort Du Quesne, at the junction of the Ohio and the Monongahela, where I was courteously treated. There I bettered my French and made the acquaintance of some ladies from Quebec city, who took pains to help me with their language.”

**THE MEMOIRS OF STOBO****Stobo Sends Plans of Fort Du Quesne to Virginia.**

(Pages 19-20.)

“Here he had not been long before he was heartily convinced of the faithless regard paid by that nation to any treaty, by their manifest violation of these articles for which he was detained, and forthwith formed a resolution of being serviceable to his country, even at the expense of being a Frenchman; satisfied that he had not sought the opportunity to violate his parole, but deemed himself entirely absolved from all obligations of honor on that point, he falls about forming a plan of Fort du Quesne, with all its approaches; meditated a scheme for the reduction of the place, committed both to paper, and was so regardless of himself as to sign it with his own name, and at a great expense and much hazard conveyed it, by means of an Indian, to the commanding officer at Wills Creek.”

**Stobo's Plans Captured by the French.**

(Pages 23-24.)

“As soon as General Braddock landed in North America, in 1755, the commanding officer at the Creek delivered to him the Major's letters and plan, which that unfortunate General kept till he fell, when he was surprised and attacked by the Indians on his march through the woods; almost all his baggage fell into the hands of the enemy, with his papers, and these among the rest; unlucky contingent attending such a great disaster, and oh! unthinking Major indeed, signed with his own name.

“Upon this discovery, he was committed close pris-

**THE SEATS OF THE MIGHTY**

**Moray Sends Plans of Fort Du Quesne to Virginia.**

(Page 75.)

“When I found that they were determined and had ever determined to violate their articles, that they never intended to set me free, I felt absolved from my duty as an officer on parole, and I therefore secretly sent to Mr. Washington in Virginia a plan of Fort Du Quesne and one of Quebec. I knew I was risking my life by so doing, but that did not deter me.”

**Moray's Plans Captured by the French.**

(Page 76.)

“My plans and letters were given by Mr. Washington to General Braddock, and the sequel you know: they have fallen into the hands of my enemies, copies have gone to France, and I am to be tried for my life.”

**THE MEMOIRS OF STOBO**

oner at Quebec, and hardly used; these credentials against him were remitted to Paris by the very first opportunity, and returned next year with a commission for the Governor of Canada to try the prisoner for his life.”

**Stobo Condemned to Death.**

(Page 25.)

“Hence, on the 28th of November, was our hero brought, with unrelenting heart, to the Canadian bar of martial justice, where Monsieur Vaudreuil, the Governor, sat President; the Court was set, the prisoner arraigned for violating the known laws of nations, for breach of faith, and treasonable practices against the government that sheltered him. Tried by his peers, well might they have spared this guilty brother, for when ever did they preserve their faith . . . all this, and more, in vain he pleaded, no counsel for the pannel, the vote was put, and hang he must by general consent. The day was fixed, and back he’s hurried to his dark abode, much worse than death, there to meditate on his last graceful exit, and con his penitentials o’er.”

**Stobo Prepares to Escape.**

(Pages 27-28.)

“At length being wearied with conjecture and weighing consequences, he fixed upon the window for his door, and if the lucky project hit, and he could but



## THE SEATS OF THE MIGHTY

**Moray Condemned to Death.**

(Pages 85-101.)

“ ‘Who sits behind the drum?’ I questioned. ‘The Marquis de Vaudreuil,’ he replied, . . . . It was late evening before the trial came to a close. The one point to be established was that the letters taken from General Braddock were mine, and that I had made the plans while a hostage. . . . I pleaded only that they had not kept our Articles of War signed at Fort Necessity, which provided that I should be free within two months and a half—that is, when prisoners in our hands should be delivered up to them, as they were. They had broken their bond, though we had fulfilled ours, and I held myself justified in doing what I had done for our cause and for my own life. . . . Presently out of the stillness the Governor’s voice was heard condemning me to death by hanging, thirty days hence at sunrise.”

**Moray Prepares to Escape.**

(Pages 203-204.)

“The real point of danger was the window. There lay my way. It was stoutly barred with iron up and down, and the bars were set in the solid limestone.

**THE MEMOIRS OF STOBO**

once gain the woods, a six weeks' painful journey would bring him to an English settlement. The scheme was laid, the window was the place, and it was firmly barred with iron, right up and down, but not across; from iron to iron at bottom, there must be a groove cut in the hard stone, deep and wide enough to let one stanchion to the other slide, which yielded him an easy passage; a sorry knife, round at the point, with which he cut his victuals, was all his tools; with this his method was to rub the stone, for cut it would not, and he must not strike for fear of making a noise. . . . And now to work by turns, and now to cater for the knapsack; long time was spent in this amusement, great caution, too, was used for secrecy, for his room door was always open to the jailor, who might surprise him at his work; the growing groove was to be filled, with constant care, at leaving off his labor, by chewing bread on purpose, ready, which, stuffing in the hole, he covered with the sand which he had rubbed, or ashes of his pipe, of the same colour; . . . ."

**Stobo Nearly Detected.**

(Pages 28-29.)

" . . . . at this lazy hewing method he often grew mad and tired, and would curse his perverse fate, which the poor stone was sure to feel with such a rub, the grating noise of which would sometimes rouse the jailor, who lived immediately below him, and he'd come tumbling up; the hole was filled and covered up so nicely, the Major setting reading on a book, or walking, smoked his pipe, as fancy led. The jailor stalked about

**THE SEATS OF THE MIGHTY**

Soon after I entered this prison I saw that I must cut a groove in the stone from stanchion to stanchion, and then, by drawing one to the other, make an opening large enough to let my body through. For tools I had only a miserable knife with which I cut my victuals, and the smaller but stouter one which Gabord had not taken from me. There could be no pounding, no chiseling, but only rubbing of the hard stone. So hour after hour I rubbed away, in constant danger of discovery however. My jailor had a trick of sudden entrance which would have been grotesque had it not been so serious to me. To provide against the flurried inquisition of his eye I kept near me bread well chewed, with which I filled the hole, covering it with the sand I had rubbed or the ashes of my pipe."

**Moray Nearly Detected.**

(Page 204.)

"Once or twice, however, being impatient, I scratched the stone with some asperity and noise, and was rewarded by hearing my fellow stumbling in the hall; . . . I would have laughed if I had dared, but I yawned over the book I had hastily snatched up, and puffed great whiffs from my pipe. . . . At another time I was foolishly harsh with my tools; but I knew now the time required by him to come upstairs,

**THE MEMOIRS OF STOBO**

the room, with curious eye, and now looked through the bars, and then would ask his prisoner if he had perceived such gentlemen pass by his window, nor would he say that he suspected foul designs, but narrowly surveyed each corner. This often was the trial of his vigilance."

**Stobo's Preparations Complete.**

(Pages 28-29.)

"At length the work was done, the bar had room to play, but being fast at the top, and stout withal, it was too strong for him to bend; to help out this defect, a file was wanting, which he soon supplied by tying his handkerchief round two bars, and into this he put a stick, with which he screwed up hard the handkerchief, which brought the bars together in a trice, and there was room enough. This engine proved, all was in order filled, as naught had been achieved . . . thus all was ripe for execution. but the time was wanted, and now it comes."

**Stobo Escapes.**

(Page 29.)

"The 30th of April it had hailed, rained, blowed, and thundered with such violence as made it terrible, and night came on, repenting nothing of the day; the sentries placed without, naught suspected, and thinking

**THE SEATS OF THE MIGHTY**

and I swiftly filled the groove with bread, strewed ashes and sand over it, rubbed all smooth, and was plunged in my copy of Montaigne when he entered. This time he went straight to the window, looked at it, tried the stanchions, and then, with an amused attempt at being cunning and hiding his own vigilance, he asked me, with laborious hypocrisy, if I had seen Captain Lancy pass the window. And so for weeks and weeks we played hide-and-seek with each other."

**Moray's Preparations Complete.**

(Pages 204-205.)

"At last I had nothing to do but sit and wait, for the groove was cut, the bar had room to play, I could not bend it, for it was fast at the top; but when my hour of adventure was come, I would tie a handkerchief around the two bars and twist it with the piece of hickory used for stirring the fire. Here was my engine of escape, and I waited till April should wind to its close, when I should, in the softer weather, try my fortune outside these walls."

**Moray Escapes.**

(Page 205.)

"So time went on until one eventful day, even the 30th of April of that year 1758. It was raining hard and blowing when I waked, and it ceased not all the day, coming to a hailstorm towards night. I felt sure

## THE MEMOIRS OF STOBO

all was quiet in such a dreadful tempest, sought the shelter of the house; far otherwise it fared above, for he was looking for the opportunity, and found their posts deserted; the midnight hour drew nigh, the knapsack tied and slung, the screw at work, and thus the window's opened, and down he plumps, a goodly height, into the mire below. . . . .”

## Stobo Recaptured.

(Pages 29-31.)

“Certain of his way, he stood not to consider, but straight he flew, well soaked in rain, and beaten by the storm; and far above the town he reached a farmer's, and there took up his quarters for the approaching day into an out house, on a hay loft, where the kind hen had left for him her eggs to suck for drink. . . . . About the midnight hour he steals from out his lurking place, with silent step and watchful eye, till by degrees he leaves the farmer's house behind, and straight he fares for Charles' River; when he came there, it was high water; no time was left to hesitate, and through he waded up to his chin, his knapsack on his head. . . . . But next unlucky night, when he had got below the falls of Montmorenci, . . . . he spied some gentlemen come riding up, and they saw him; surprised, he started back to cover, they pushed on with speed, and in they rushed among the bushes; theirs was

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that my guards without would relax their vigilance. In the evening I listened, and heard no voices nor any sound of feet, only the pelting rain and the whistling wind. Yet I did not stir till midnight. Then I slung the knapsack in front of me, so that I could force it through the window first, and tying my handkerchief round the iron bars, I screwed it up with my stick. Presently the bars came together, and my way was open. I got my body through by dint of squeezing, and let myself go plump into the mire below."

**Moray Recaptured.**

(Pages 208-212.)

"With all my might I hurried, and was soon outside the town, and coming fast to the farmhouse about two miles beyond. . . . The door was not locked, and I passed in. There was a loft nearly full of hay, and I crawled up and dug a hole far down against the side of the building, and climbed in, bringing with me for drink a nest of hen's eggs which I found in the corner. . . . Near midnight of the second day I came out secretly from my lurking-place, and faced straight for the St. Charles River. Finding it at high water, I plunged in, with my knapsack and cloak on my head, and made my way across, reaching the opposite shore safely. . . . Late in the evening of this day . . . I edged cautiously down past Beauport and on to the Montmorenci Falls. . . . I saw three horsemen, who instantly spurred towards me. I sprang through the underbrush . . . 'It is no use, dear

## THE MEMOIRS OF STOBO

the prize, the prisoner was seized, and dragged, reluctant to Quebec."

## Love Finds a Way.

(Pages 32-34.)

"There dwelt, by lucky fate, in this strong capital, a lady fair, of chaste renown, of manners sweet, and gentle soul; long had her heart confessed for this poor prisoner, a flame best suited with the spirit of the times to smother, whose tender breast felt double smart at this his deep affliction, which threatened certain death; her kindred was confessed, and influence, too, well known with Vaudreuil, this was her time, or death must soon have finished all his sorrow; and, strange speech of love, though reasonable, thus she accosts the proud Canadian Vice Roy: 'Mighty cousin, our good Canadian Court, most sure were right when they condemned this haughty English prisoner to lose his forfeit life to our grand Monarch . . . . and well and truly . . . . hast thou tried the nature of his crime, and for thy justice in his sentence, no doubt thy sovereign will give thee thanks, . . . . But should this faithless monster die in prison, thou would'st be the loser, and he'd elude the death he well deserves. Let me advise, thee, therefore, as thy faithful cousin, to change the prison to some freer air. Thou knowest there lives upon the ramparts a trusty servant, to his King and thee, whose faith's been often tried; a centinel stands always by his door, if there were need of force, as I believe there's none, for as I am told, he



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Captain,' said Doltaire. 'Yield up your weapon.'  
. . . . In another half hour of bitter journeying I found myself in my dungeon.'

## Love Finds a Way.

(Pages 233-235.)

"I was curious to know how it chanced I was set free of my dungeon, and I had the story from Alixe's lips; . . . . 'I went to the Governor, and, with show of interest in many things pertaining to the government, . . . . came to the question of the English prisoner. I told him it was I that prevented the disgrace to his good government by sending to General Montcalm to ask for your protection. He was impressed, and opened out his vain heart about the state in divers ways. . . . . When he was in his most pliable mood, I grew serious and told him there was a danger which perhaps he did not see. Here was his English prisoner, who, they said abroad in town, was dying. There was no doubt that the King would approve the sentence of death, and if it were duly and with some display enforced, it would but add to the Governor's reputation in France. But should the prisoner die in captivity, or should he go an invalid to the scaffold, there would only be pity excited in the world for him. For his own honour, it were better the Governor should hang a robust prisoner, who in full blood should expiate his sins upon the scaffold. The advice went down like wine; and when he knew not what to do, I urged your being brought here, put under guard, and fed and nourished for your end. And so it was.'"

## THE MEMOIRS OF STOBO

only lives, nor would he, so I think if he was able, be fool enough to attempt again to get away, as he has twice already tried his vanity and thy known vigilance, and yet the wretch may live to grace thee with his swing,— I but advise.’ ”

## Stobo on the Ramparts.

(Pages 34-36.)

“Her virgin innocence and unsuspected words prevailed, and the advice went down; he thanking her for her kind affection to his honor, and forthwith placed the prisoner on the ramparts. . . . some English officers, prisoners at Quebec, had leave to visit him. Among the rest a Lieutenant of Roger’s Ranging Regiment, whose name was Stevenson; there too remained amongst the crowd of prisoners brought in, one Clark, a Scotchman, both at Leith, a ship carpenter by trade; with him, his wife he had, and two small children; . . . his readiness to serve had gained him confidence, and he was talked of to go down the river with a sloop to bring the crew who had escaped the Eagle’s wreck at Belle Isle Straights. . . . He missed his aim. Another went, and sore he moaned his fair, lost opportunity. Stevenson communicated to the Major this abortive scheme, which soon begat another more successful, and sets our hero free for action. . . . the river was their route, and Clark was necessarily of the party, . . . The Major’s pocket was the exchequer whence all their payments issued, and only Stevenson knew till the last scene, he was to head their forces; Clark’s wife and children,

## THE SEATS OF THE MIGHTY

**Moray on the Ramparts.**

(Pages 239-242.)

“Presently there came word from the Governor that I might walk upon the ramparts, . . . . I was allowed to speak to Lieutenant Stevens, . . . . For months he had been maturing plans for escape. There was one Clark, a ship-carpenter (of whom I have before written), and two other bold spirits, who were sick of captivity, and it was intended to fare forth one night and make a run for freedom. Clark had a notable plan. A wreck of several transports had occurred at Belle Isle, and it was intended by the authorities to send him down the river with a sloop to bring back the crew, and break up the wreck. It was his purpose to arm his sloop with Mr. Stevens and some English prisoners the night before she was to sail, and steal away with her down the river. But whether or not the authorities suspected him, the command was at last given to another. It was proposed, however, to get away on a dark night to some point on the river, where a boat should be stationed . . . . I managed to convey to Mr. Stevens a good sum of money, and begged him to meet me every day upon the ramparts, until I also should see my way to making a dart for freedom. . . . The following morning I met Mr. Stevens

## THE MEMOIRS OF STOBO

and two provincials, private men, composed the whole battalion. The 30th again of April was now appointed for the execution of their project; . . . . With great precaution he had taken his leave of Stevenson the day before, with strict injunctions not to fail the time and place appointed, . . . .”

## Stobo Escapes Again.

(Pages 37-39.)

“Before the hour of ten, he steals up gently from the bed, and softly ope’s the door, where he but stood to learn his next advance, . . . . As soon as he had cleared the town, he mends his pace, and onward fares to find the mill, which presently is gained, to the great terror of his little party, who . . . . yet knew nothing of his coming, only Stevenson; nor knew they what to think, and straight imagined they were all discovered, but soon were reconciled when they found Major Stobo of their party, and bid him hearty welcome. . . . . a large canoe was found, made of the bark of no small birchen tree, and well finished; she seemed to be the size to carry them, but naught to spare; a gladsome sight. Then up she’s easily lifted ‘twixt their hands, and carried for the launch; and now she on the water swims, a trusty vessel, . . . . The tide was turned, and with swift current downward rolled the stream, all favorable; . . . . The town already stands astern; Point Levi seems to meet them; next advances Orleans Isle, and by the dawn of May the 1st, they’d left Quebec a goodly distance up the river; . . . .”

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on the ramparts. I told him it was my purpose to escape the next night, if possible."

## Moray Escapes Again.

(Pages 259-263.)

"At ten o'clock I was ready for the venture. . . . It had been kept secret from these people that I was to go with them, . . . but when Mr. Stevens told them who I was they were agreeably surprised. I at once took command . . . They took my terms like men, and swore to stand by me. . . . We came down the steep passage in the cliff to where our craft lay, . . . a birch canoe, well laden with necessaries. Our craft was none too large for our party, but she must do; and safely in, we pushed out upon the current, which was in our favour, for the tide was going out. . . . After the Isle of Orleans was passed I drew a breath of relief, and played the part of captain and boatswain merely. . . . Some of the nights were dreary and very cold, for it was yet but the beginning of May."

**THE MEMOIRS OF STOBO****A Gale on the River.**

(Pages 41-43.)

“ . . . the wind turned eastwardly, and up the river blowed, against the ebbing tide; the gale increased, with snow and sleet; . . . the waves break in, her decks are not to stave, and now the water covers all her bottom; and filling fast, all hands that paddled not, were set to bale. Their danger soon grew imminent, . . . and now she rises on the lifted wave’s proud summit; supported on the middle as on a high crowned ridge, and both her ends were drooping, being deeply loaded fore and aft; and then, anon, she’s in the hollow ‘twixt the waves, which raise her stem and stern, the middle sinking low, and her weak gun-wales yielding outward from the pressure of her ends, which opens wide her waist, dismal to look at. Her back must surely break, . . . The tide of ebb being almost spent, the waves begin to fall, the wind to shift a little to the Northward, and the tempestuous sea soon to clear with such a piercing cold as froze their drenched clothes upon their backs. . . . Worse case was needless, a sorry plight, indeed, for scarce a man could lift a leg, their frozen mail-coats rattled with the ice, . . . .”

**Stobo Encounters Indians.**

(Pages 44-48.)

“The necessary orders for the day were issued, the two provincials, marksmen well experienced, now in the woods advanced to see what they could kill for din-

**THE SEATS OF THE MIGHTY****A Gale on the River.**

(Page 264.)

“We had a constant favouring breeze, but now suddenly, though we were running with the tide, the wind turned easterly and blew up the river against the ebb. Soon it became a gale, to which was added snow and sleet, and a rough, choppy sea followed. . . . The waves broke in upon us, and presently, while half of us were paddling with laboured and desperate stroke, the other half were baling. Lifted on a crest, our canoe, heavily laden, dropped at both ends; and again, sinking into the hollows between the short, brutal waves, her gunwales yielded outward, and her waist gaped in a dismal way. We looked to see her with a broken back at any moment. . . . At last, the ebb tide being almost spent, the waves began to fall, the wind shifted a little northward, and a piercing cold instantly froze our drenched clothes on our backs. But with the current changed there was a good chance of reaching shore. As daylight came we passed into a little sheltered cove, and sank with exhaustion on the shore. Our frozen clothes rattled like tin, and we could scarce lift a leg.”

**Moray Encounters Indians.**

(Pages 265-266.)

“I sent my two Provincials foraging with their guns, and we who remained set about to fix our camp for the day and prepare breakfast. A few minutes only passed,

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ner. Short while they're missed till they come running back, with rueful length of face, and with a sigh, 'We've seen two Indians, nor are they far from hence;' and nothing more could say for want of breath. . . . Then they described the Indians at large, both armed with muskets and the implements of death, and carried nothing else. . . . and now in sight beyond a little river, behold the Indians stand, dreading naught of enemies in this mountainous desert. This river must be crossed, and in they wade full mid-thigh deep; by dire mishap, one slipt his foot, and fell, his clothes and musket wet, . . . they're soon through, and onward move; the Major in front, and singing as he went some French cantata; and soon the Indians are joined; then straight in French he them saluted, and asks them of their cheer; and being close abreast, the fire-lock of the first he seized, and Stevenson soon had him by the neck. With little ceremony the rest the other seized, and then he let them know he bore a French commission, and clear instructions had to search these woods for English prisoners that had escaped from Quebec, . . . they told him they were guardians of the fire; and as a proof of what they said, they'd lead him where it was, and to their habitations. . . . But now we're at the wigwam. And here was to be seen fine beaver skins and teal, and maple sugar, and twenty other curious things; no sooner seen, but Clark says, d——n my soul but I'll have this; d——n me, says another, but this is mine; and no sooner were the Indians confirmed in their mistake, but he whom Stevenson held, gave such a spring



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and my hunters came running back with rueful faces to say they had seen two Indians near, armed with muskets and knives. . . . We came to a little river, beyond which we could observe the Indians standing on guard. We could only cross by wading, which we did; but one of my Provincials came down, wetting his musket and himself thoroughly. Reaching the shore, we marched together, I singing the refrain of an old French song as we went, so attracting the attention of the Indians. . . . I signalled to the Indians, and, coming near, addressed them in French. They were deceived, and presently, abreast of them, in the midst of apparent ceremony, their firelocks were seized, and Mr. Stevens and Clark had them safe. I told them we must be satisfied as to who they were, for English prisoners escaped from Quebec were abroad, and no man could go unchallenged. They must at once lead me to their camp. So they did, and at their bark wigwam they said they had seen no Englishmen. They were guardians of the fire; . . . While I was questioning them, Clark rifled the wigwam; and presently, the excitable fellow, finding some excellent stores of skins, tea, maple sugar, coffee, and other things, broke out into English expletives. Instantly, the Indians saw they had been trapped, and he whom Mr. Stevens held made a great spring from him, caught up a gun, and gave a wild yell which echoed far and near. Mr. Stevens, with great rapidity, leveled his pistol and shot him in the heart, while I, in a close struggle with my captive, was glad—for I was not yet strong—that Clark finished my assailant; and so both lay there dead.

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as carried him full four yards from his grips, and more, and sets up such a dreadful yell, so loud and shrill withal as the high sonorous mountains echoed back far round. . . . to prevent a repetition of such alarming noise, Stevenson has in charge to shoot him instantly, and anon he falls, and soon his comrade follows his example; . . . . Not far from where they lay, there stood a pool of water, . . . . first having carefully taken off their scalps, and then a heavy stone is fastened to the feet of each, in here they're shoved, and down they sink, and may be sinking yet. . . . the Indians' poor faithful dog, before unnoticed, now sits howling o'er the pool, with a right doleful note; in pity to the poor dumb beast, he's killed, and with his master sleeps."

**Stobo Discovers a Boat.**

(Pages 49-50.)

"Scarce had they determined, but lo! a four oared boat is spied, come rowing for the shore, and ne'er a ship in view. 'Courage, my lads, I hope, by your assistance and God's blessing on our arms, this prize shall be our own, these men our prisoners, too, and they shall lessen your fatigue, and row for us;' . . . . Now briskly on, with quicker strokes, the rowers pulled in for the shore, just as the wearied traveler, with jaded pace, pursues his journey all the morning, and fit by this time through his horse to sink, but with noon day descries the Inn where he's to bait and refresh, and with the sight his spirits are revived; he gives his horse

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two foes less of our King. Not far from where we stood was a pool of water, and we sank the bodies there; but I did not know until long afterwards that Clark, with a barbarous and disgusting spirit, carried away their scalps to sell them in New York, where they would bring, as he confided to one of the Provincials, twelve pounds each. Before we left, we shot a poor howling dog that mourned for his masters, and sank him also in the dark pool.”

**Moray Discovers a Boat.**

(Pages 266-267.)

“We had but got back to our camp, when looking out, we saw a well-manned four-oared boat making for the shore. My men were in dismay until I told them that, having begun the game of war, I would carry it on to the ripe end. This boat and all therein should be mine. Safely hidden, we watched the rowers draw in to shore with brisk strokes, . . . They had evidently been upon a long journey, and by their toiling we could see their boat was deeply loaded; but they drove on, like a horse that, at the close of day, sees ahead the inn where he is to bait and refresh, and, rousing to the spur, comes cheerily home. The figure of a

## THE MEMOIRS OF STOBO

the spurs, reminds him with the whip, and pushes on with quickened pace, till he arrives; and thus she presently runs bump upon the beach."

*The Chevalier de la Darante.*

(Pages 50-51.)

"The signal given, a volley went amongst the crew, and two were slightly wounded. Quarters they cried at once; the Major and his party rushed down from the rocks, and stand upon the beach, and straight they're ordered out, unarmed, in number five; a reverend old gentleman, who sat to steer, when he came out with graceful bow and great submission, desired to know whose prisoner he was; to this the Major answered in French, 'we are British subjects, . . . have been prisoners in Canada, . . . we're determined at the utmost hazard of our lives, to get away; and since it has been your fortune to fall into our hands, you're now our prisoners, and your men and shallop shall be of service to effectuate our escape;' to which the old gentleman replied, 'Monsieur, I've been a great way down this mighty river, to purchase wheat at a great expense and toil, for all the wheat above is carried to Quebec to store the Magazine, and am returning home, my shallop loaded as you see; I am Monsieur Chev. la Darante; the whole Camaraski Isles are mine, and the best gentleman on them does me vassalage; the best Canadian blood runs in my veins, nor does the mighty Duc de Mirepoix deny me of his kindred, and several more nobility of France; besides, I am old and feeble, therefore I think such a gentleman as I may be ex-

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reverend old man was in the stern, and he sent them in to shore with brisk words. Bump came the big shallop on the beach, . . . .”

The Chevalier de la Darante.

(Pages 267-269.)

“As we fired I stepped out of the thicket, . . . . The old gentleman stood up while his men cried for quarter . . . . It was the Chevalier de la Darante. . . . He started, then recognized me. . . . ‘What would you do with me?’

“‘Detain you and your shallop for the service of my master, the King of England, soon to be the master of your master, if the signs are right.’

“‘All signs fail with the blind, monsieur.’

“‘Monsieur,’ he added, with great, almost too great dignity, ‘I am of the family of the Duc de Mirepoix. The whole Kamaraska Isles are mine, and the best gentlemen in this province do me vassalage. I make war on none, I have stepped aside from all affairs of state, I am a simple gentleman. I have been a great way down this river, at large expense and toil, to purchase wheat, for all the corn of these counties above goes to Quebec to store the King’s magazine, the adored La Friponne. I know not your purposes, but I trust you will not push your advantage’—he waved towards our muskets—‘against a private gentleman.’ . . . .

“‘You and your men, Chevalier, shall row us to Louisburg’ . . . . For a moment the excellent gentleman was mute, . . . . ‘I am the Chevalier de la’—he began.

## THE MEMOIRS OF STOBO

cused the duty to row his enemies;' to which, in short, our hero answered: 'Monsieur, you know self-preservation is the first law of nature; *la fortune de guerre* has put you in our hands, and luckily, I hope, for us; and were you, Monsieur, the great French King himself and every man standing there a peer of his realm, depend upon it, 'twould be your fates to row a British subject now.' At these last mighty words, stern resolution sat upon his countenance, which the Canadian beheld, and with reluctance temporized."

## Stobo Passes a French Frigate.

(Pages 52-53.)

"Their constant labor, and the favorable breeze, at length brings up this land, which, when abreast, discloses to the view a lofty frigate, which had been convoy to the fleet of transports under the command of Monsieur Channon; her charge was gone before, and following she was turning up the river. This sudden and dreadful apparition gave no small alarm, but faithful it's resolved, since stand to fight they could not, to run while they could swim. The Major then, well armed, and resolutely bent on his escape, down by the tiller sets, and with a sacred oath declares that the first man who offered anything to stop the shallop's way, by slighting of his oar, or otherwise, that instant he should die, and ordered them to pull with vigor, and well to spread the sail. So, as the frigate stood across the river, at a distance they passed by her stern. The usual signal to bring to was fired, they paid it no respect; a sec-

**THE SEATS OF THE MIGHTY**

“ ‘If you were King Louis himself, and every man in your boat a peer of his realm, you should row a British subject now,’ said I; ‘or, if you choose, you shall have fighting instead.’ I meant there should be nothing uncertain in my words. ‘I surrender,’ said he; ‘and if you are bent on shaming me, let us have it over soon.’ ”

**Moray Passes a French Frigate.**

(Pages 270-271.)

“A good breeze brought up this land, and when we were abreast of it a lofty frigate was disclosed to view—a convoy (so the Chevalier said) to a fleet of transports which that morning had gone up the river. I resolved instantly, since fight was useless, to make a run for it. Seating myself at the tiller, I declared solemnly that I would shoot the first man who dared to stop the shallop’s way, to make sign, or speak a word. So, as the frigate stood across the river, I had all sail set, roused the men at the oars, and we came running by her stern. Our prisoners were keen enough to get past in safety, for they were between two fires, and the excellent Chevalier was as alert and laborious as the rest. They signalled us from the frigate by a shot to bring to, but we came on gallantly. Another shot whizzed by at a distance, but we did not change our course, and then balls came flying over our heads, dropping round us,

**THE MEMOIRS OF STOBO**

ond followed with the same whizzing noises; the third, a shot came whizzing o'er their heads; and then she fired shot after shot, as long as they could reach the shallop; and now the balls would cool their fiery indignation in the briny wave, and rise again and o'er them fly; and some, at length fall short; but, by kind Providence, not one could hit them."

**A Boat on the Beach.**

(Page 54.)

"It happened as they sailed along in shore, they spy'd a boat was lying on the beach, and toward the shore they stand, and run the shallop close aground. When they got to her, she had n'er an oar. 'Look well about, my friends, they're not far off;' and now they beat about each bush, and presently they're found."

**Stobo Parts with Darante.**

(Pages 54-55.)

"Monsieur Darante's looks expressed his joy at this glad sight, and hoped they'd now let him depart, to whom the Major answered thus: 'Monsieur Chev. la Darante, . . . Do you engage upon your high born honor that you shall not divulge, by means direct or indirect, to any soul on earth what brought you back thus far till you shall reach the Camaraski Isles; then, if you choose it, tell all Canada; and do you undertake the same for these, your servants? This it is that hinders your departure.' O'erjoyed to find that he shall go home, he readily complied. 'Then, Monsieur, your



**THE SEATS OF THE MIGHTY**

cooling their hot protests in the river. But none struck us, and presently all fell short.”

**A Boat on the Beach.**

(Page 271.)

“At last, one morning, as we hugged the shore, I saw a large boat lying on the beach. On landing we found the boat of excellent size and made for swift going, and presently Clark discovered the oars.”

**Moray Parts with Darante.**

(Page 271.)

“Then I turned to the Chevalier, who was watching me curiously, yet hiding anxiety, for he had upheld his dignity with some accent since he had come into my service: ‘Chevalier,’ said I, ‘you shall find me more humane than my persecutors at Quebec. I will not hinder your going, if you will engage on your honour—as would, for instance, the Duc de Mirepoix,—he bowed to my veiled irony—‘that you will not divulge what brought you back thus far, till you shall reach your Kamaraska Isles; and you must undertake the same for your fellows here.’ He consented, and I admired the fine, vain old man, and lamented that I had to use

## THE MEMOIRS OF STOBO

mast and sail are ours; you know our case is desperate; I'll pay for them. . . . here, too, is money for your wheat, which was cast into the river.' "

## Stobo Encounters a Sloop at Anchor.

(Page 55.)

"But with the morning they espy'd land just opened, and a sloop at anchor, riding under a point of land, and her long pendant waving in the wind. No sooner they're seen, but straight the signal's fired, to bring to; to press their hands it's likely, but they would not come; then she let fly a swivel, loaded with grape, and after that another, and riddled all their sail, but no more damage did; and on they sailing, row'd and pushed it all that day and the next, . . . ."

## Stobo's Boat Wrecked.

(Pages 55-56.)

"It was toward the evening, the sky began to lower, the wind to rise, and here's a cobbling sea; but still they keep their course, till it at last turns dangerous to keep out, and it is deemed best to run her in ashore; then ease away the sail, the helm aweather, brings her large before the wind. It now was dark, and hard it blow'd, and there's a mighty surf upon the shore; but there's no choice, the coast is all alike, and in they let her drive, and close in shore she runs upon a rock, which bulged her bows open at once, and in the water gushed; the waves break over her, anon she's filled; all hands jump out, take with them what they could, and

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him so. 'Then,' said I, 'you may depart with your shallop. Your mast and sail, however, must be ours; and for these I will pay. I will also pay for the wheat which was thrown into the river, . . . .''

**Moray Encounters a Sloop at Anchor.**

(Page 272.)

"All night we jogged along with easy sail, but just at dawn, in a sudden opening of the land, we saw a sloop at anchor near a wooded point, her pennant flying. We pushed along, unheeding her fiery signal to bring to; and declining, she let fly a swivel loaded with grape, and again another, riddling our sail; but we were travelling with wind and tide, and soon we left the indignant patrol behind."

**Moray's Boat Wrecked.**

(Page 272-273.)

"Towards evening came a freshening wind and a cobbling sea, and I thought it best to make for shore. So, easing the sail, we brought our shallop before the wind. It was very dark, and there was a heavy surf running; but we had to take our fortune as it came, and we let drive for the unknown shore, for it was all alike to us. Presently, as we ran close in, our boat came hard upon a rock, which bulged her bows open. Taking what provisions we could, we left our poor craft upon the rocks, and fought our way to safety."

## THE MEMOIRS OF STOBO

seek their safety from the shore. Right luckily for them they were so near, and yet with much difficulty they gained the land, all soaked, and some provisions lost; but for the boat there's no relief, for the hard hearted surf and harder rocks demolished her betwixt them."

## Stobo Captures Two Vessels.

(Pages 57-63.)

"Full eight days here had passed to little purpose, and short allowance makes them hasten for the launch of their frail cutter; and on the very day agreed on for that purpose, whilst yet the sun was hanging in the west, and more than half his downward course had run, two sails are standing down the river, and edging tow'rd the shore; they let their anchors go right off the place where our frail vessel sat upon the stocks. . . . and now could I divide the force of either vessel, and calmly, under cloud of night, steal on her by surprise; then might I hope success; the very thought elates my soul—by Jove she's mine; . . . . And now he calls a council, and communicates his mind; . . . . they are ordered not to rise nor stir, but to keep close upon the ground, till he should give the signal they agreed on; then a long straight stick is cut from out the bush, to which, at top, he fastens a white handkerchief, and . . . . marches to the water's edge, . . . . he fires his signal gun, and bears his ensign waving to the wind. The sun was setting, . . . . and straight the boat's put over the side, and two men and a boy come rowing for the shore, . . . . and ask

## THE SEATS OF THE MIGHTY

## Moray Captures Two Vessels.

(Pages 273-277.)

“In this labour we passed eight days, and then were ready for the launch again. On the very afternoon fixed for the starting, we saw two sails standing down the river and edging towards our shore. One of them let anchor go right off the place where our patched boat lay. . . . I determined on a daring enterprise. . . . If I could divide the force of either vessel, and quietly, under cover of the night, steal on her by surprise, then I would trust our desperate courage, and open the war which soon General Wolfe and Admiral Saunders were to wage up and down this river. . . . I disclosed my plan to Mr. Stevens and the others, and, as I looked for, they had a fine relish for the enterprise. I agreed upon a signal with them, bade them to lie close along the ground, picked out the nearer (which was the smaller) ship for my purpose, and at sunset, tying a white handkerchief to a stick, came marching out of the woods, upon the shore, firing a gun at the same time. Presently a boat was put out from the sloop, and two men and a boy came rowing towards me. Standing off a little distance from the shore, they asked what was wanted. ‘The King’s errand,’ was my reply in French,

## THE MEMOIRS OF STOBO

him what he wants; his tale was not to seek, he is a Frenchman, . . . . on the King's errand, and now he wants his passage down the river, for which he willingly would pay; . . . . The night was cold, and he had rum, left in a bottle, almost full, upon the shore, which they were welcome to if they would fetch it; . . . . No sooner had they reached the land, but lo! they're seized by violent hands, and bound; . . . . Look here my lads, . . . . nothing can save your lives, except you faithfully declare what hands you left on board and what their arms. . . . they soon consent; . . . . the boy . . . . assents to pilot them on board, . . . . Their patched up vessel, next, is taken from the stocks and launched, . . . . off they go, and rowing softly on with silent stroke, come along side the sloop. . . . A light there's in the binnacle, but ne'er a watch on deck; . . . . Our hero first gets up the side, and as he softly stepped upon the deck, the trusty pistol, which in his belt was stuck, catches the ratlins of the shrouds, which pulls it out, and it comes rattle on the deck; this gave the alarm, but woe to him who first came up; . . . . the Major let fly a shot in his surprise, and down the fellow tumbled; . . . . but quarter was the word, and now the rest are all upon the deck. The prisoners, he orders, one by one, down to the hold, . . . . and close he locks the hatches, . . . . the windlass next is manned, the anchor's soon apeak, and now she's under weigh, and for the schooner steer'd. . . . and presently she lays along her side; and straight a dose from all the swivels is poured

## THE SEATS OF THE MIGHTY

and I must be carried down the river by them, for which I would pay generously. Then, with idle gesture, I said that if they wished some drink, there was a bottle of rum near my fire, above me, to which they were welcome; also some game, which they might take as a gift to their captain and his crew. This drew like a magnet, and, as I lit my pipe, their boat scraped the sand, and, getting out, they hauled her up and came towards me. I met them, and, pointing towards my fire, as it might appear, led them up behind the rocks, when, at a sign, my men sprang up, the fellows were seized, and were forbidden to cry out on peril of their lives. I compelled them to tell what hands and what arms were left on board. . . . I chose for pilot the boy, and presently, with great care, launching our patched shallop from the stocks—for the shipboat was too small to carry six safely—we got quietly away. Rowing with silent stroke we came alongside the sloop. No light burned save that in the binnacle, and all hands, except the watch, were below at supper and at cards. . . . As the last man came over, his pistol, stuck in his belt, caught the rattlings of the shrouds, and it dropped upon the deck. This gave the alarm, but I was at the companion-door on the instant, as the master came bounding up, . . . I fired . . . and he fell back stunned. . . . But presently we had the joy of having those below cry quarter. We were masters of the sloop. Quickly battenning down the prisoners, I had the sail spread, the windlass going, the anchor apeak quickly, and we were soon moving down upon the schooner, . . .

## THE MEMOIRS OF STOBO

into her at once; thus instantly they out for quarters called, and she as fast is boarded; and now he stands at her companion door, with musket ready cock'd, and boldly orders the prisoners by ones, and that goes down into the hold, till all are stowed away. Then everything that's valuable in the sloop must out be brought; . . . as hands were scarce, and few enough, God knows, to manage one, the sloop must burn; . . . and now she's all on fire. . . . Some prisoners, of those remained, are ordered up to help to work the ship; and now the topsail's loose, the anchor's at the bows, then all her sails are spread; with gladsome hearts they show them to the winds, and through the rolling waves away she sails."

## Stobo Arrives at Louisburg.

(Page 65.)

"With steady care, and all the sail they could show, for several days they keep their course; and then the Island of St. John from the ocean lifts its head to view. Betwixt this Island and the main is thought the safest course, and in they stand and scud along, but little knew by this, they missed the English fleet, which now had sailed and passed without the Island; . . . and now behold the land of Cape Breton, and then the welcome port of Louisburg is gained in eight and thirty days from Quebec. No worse befall the man who says he suffered not."



**THE SEATS OF THE MIGHTY**

when, laying alongside, we gave her a dose, and then another, from all our swivels at once, sweeping her decks, the timid fellows cried quarter, and we boarded her. With my men's muskets cocked, I ordered her crew and soldiers below, till they were all, save two lusty youths, stowed away. Then I had everything of value brought from the sloop, . . . . and when all was done, we set fire to the sloop, and . . . . watched her burn. . . . . At dawn. . . . we all agreed that some of our captives should be sent off in the long boat, and that a portion of the rest should be used to work the ship. . . . . raising anchor, we got on our way down the broad river, in perfect weather."

**Moray Arrives at Louisburg.**

(Page 277.)

"The days that followed are like a good dream to me, for we came on all the way without challenge and with no adventure, even round Cape Gaspé, to Louisburg, thirty-eight days after my escape from the fortress. At Louisburg we found that Admiral Saunders and General Wolfe were gone to Quebec. They had passed us as we came down, for we had sailed inside some islands of the coast, getting shelter and better passage, and the fleet had, no doubt, passed outside."

**THE MEMOIRS OF STOBO****Stobo Returns to Quebec.**

(Page 66.)

“Two days or so were past, and then a vessel’s ready to proceed to Quebec; this wished for opportunity is embraced at once, and he’s on board; and now, with equal ardor, wishes for the place he strove so hard to shun. . . . At length the different Islands take it in their turn to stand astern, and every land-mark’s past, and now fair Orleans is again in view, and with Britannia’s lofty fleet adorn’d; a cheerful sight, indeed. Now here no time was lost till he has waited on Britannia’s effective General, immortal Wolfe, and thus addressed him: . . . .”

**Stobo Shows Wolfe Where to Land.**

(Page 70.)

“The Major’s service at Quebec was all obedience to command, and information, to his great patron, best and almost only known; he pointed out the place to land, where afterwards they did, and were successful; . . . .”

**THE SEATS OF THE MIGHTY****Moray Returns to Quebec.**

(Pages 279-282.)

“I got away again for Quebec five days after reaching Louisburg. . . . On a blithe summer day we sighted, far off, the Isle of Orleans and the tall masts of two patrol ships of war, . . . . Presently there opened on our sight the great bluff at the Falls of Montmorenci, and, crowning it with tents and batteries, the camp of General Wolfe himself, . . . . I shall never forget my first look at my hero, . . . . An officer of his staff presented me.”

**Moray Shows Wolfe Where to Land.**

(Page 283.)

“ ‘Above the citadel there is a way—the only way: a feint from the basin here, a sham menace and attack, and the real action at the other door of the town.’ ”

## THE MEMOIRS OF STOBO

Stobo Rewarded by Virginia.

(Page 80.)

“By the House of Burgesses.

“Friday, April 30th, 1756.

\* “*Resolved*, That the sum of three hundred pounds be paid to Captain Robert Stobo, in consideration of his services to the country and his sufferings in his confinement, as a hostage, in Quebec.”

\*As a matter of fact, this was only one of five resolutions, on the same subject, actually passed.

## THE SEATS OF THE MIGHTY

Moray Rewarded by Virginia.

(Page 278.)

“The letters from friends almost atoned for my past sufferings . . . this was the first matter I saw when I opened the Governor’s letter:

*“By the House of Burgesses.*

*“Resolved, That the sum of three hundred pounds be paid to Captain Robert Moray, in consideration of his services to the country and his singular sufferings in his confinement, as a hostage, in Quebec.”*











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